

# St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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## THE CALEDONIAN.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

C. H. STONE & CO., Proprietors.

Printed at the Caledonian Office.

Published every Friday.

Subscription price, \$2.00 per annum.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Advertisements, as usual.

Entered as second-class matter, August 8, 1837.

Postage paid at St. Johnsbury, N.H.

Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.

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## Baby on the Porch.

On the porch by the open door,

Sweet with roses and cool with shade,

Baby is creeping over the floor—

Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid.

All about her the shadows dance,

All above her the roses swing,

Shadows in the lattice glance,

Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,

Lipsing her pleading in broken words,

Going away in her tender speech

Songs like the twitter of nesting birds.

Creeping, creeping over the floor,

Soon my birdie will open her wings,

Fluttering out at the open door,

Into the wonderful world of things.

## Trouble to Lend.

BY HARRIET MCWEEN KIMBALL.

To-morrow has trouble to lend

To all who lack to day;

Go, borrow it, borrow, griefless heart,

And then with thy peace will pay!

To-morrow hath trouble to lend

An endless, endless store;

But I have much as heart can hold—

Why should I borrow more?

## Why Did He Do It?

The reader who is acquainted with

Nathaniel Hawthorne's delightful Twice

Told Tales, may bear in mind a curious

little sketch included among them, and

called Wakefield.

The story referred to was first published

in the year 1818, in a book called

Political and Literary Anecdotes of his

Own Time, by Doctor William King.

We will proceed to put our readers in pos-

session of the facts of the case as they

are set forth by Doctor King.

Mr. Howe is described as a sensible,

well-to-do man, with an estate of some

seven or eight hundred pounds a year,

united to a young lady of agreeable

person and manners, and in every respect

an excellent wife, who came of a good

family in the West of England, and whose

maiden name was Mallet. Two children

were born of this marriage, neither of

whom, however, lived to attain the

age of fifteen. Doctor King seems to

have known Mr. and Mrs. Howe about

the year 1760.

We pause a moment to state that the

Doctor's Anecdotes, were not published

until long after his death, which hap-

pened in 1763. They were written,

nevertheless, it is evident, with a view

to publication. In a preface he states

that he in his seventy-sixth year at

the time of his jotting down the notes,

memoranda, and detached pieces which

constitute his book. Most of the anec-

dots, he allures, were derived from his

own knowledge; the rest were related

to him by friends, upon whose honor and

veracity he could depend.

The Howes lived in a house in Jermy-

n street, near St. James's Church. They

had been married some seven or eight

years, and were generally regarded as a

very happy and comfortable couple. One

morning Mr. Howe rose early, and in-

formed his wife that he was obliged to

go as far as the Tower to transact some

particular business. At noon the same

day, Mrs. Howe received a note from her

husband, apprising her that he was un-

der the necessity of starting for Holland

forthwith, and that he should probably

be absent three weeks or a month. The

month passed; two months—then three

months—but no tidings were re-

ceived from Mr. Howe. His wife grew

seriously alarmed. She was at a loss to

understand the meaning of his absence.

His silence was still more inexplicable.

She could only imagine that his abrupt

departure might be due to pecuniary

embarrassment. It was possible, of

course, though from nothing he had ever

said she was justified in such a suspicion

—that he had, unknown to her, contracted

some large debt, or incurred some

serious liability, and had fled the country

to be out of the way of his creditors.

tes, he announced his conviction that he

knew the handwriting. He was persua-

ded the letter was written by no less a

person than Mr. Howe. The company

were greatly astounded, Mrs. Howe was

so much alarmed and affected that she

was seized with a fainting fit. Upon

her recovery, however, shortly after-

wards, it was resolved that she should,

at all events, attend the proposed ap-  
pointment in company with Doctor Rose

and his wife, and the other ladies and gen-

tlemen then present.

On the following evening, therefore,

attended by her friends, Mrs. Howe pre-

sented herself in Birdcage Walk. The

little party had not been at the ap-  
pointed place more than five minutes when

a stranger approached them, lifting his hat

and bowing politely. He was at once

recognized. He was certainly Mr. Howe.

He embraced his wife, offered his arm,

walked home with her, and the reunited

couple lived together in great harmony

up to the day of Howe's death, which

did not happen until many years after-

wards.

What had he been doing? where had

he been hidden during the long period of

separation?

He had, it appeared, never quitted

London. On his abrupt departure from

Jermy street he had required to an ob-

scure lodging house in a small street in

Westminster, and there had hired a

room at the modest rental of five or six

shillings a week. Changing his name

and disguising himself in a black wig—

for he was a man of fair complexion—he

had remained in this secret retreat

during the whole time of his absence

from his wife. Frequenting a little

coffee house in the neighborhood of his

lodgings, he had enjoyed the curious plea-

sure of reading in the journals the pro-

gress toward Parliament of the Act

which his wife had applied for in order

on the supposition of his death, to obtain

a legal settlement of his affairs; yet he

had not been tempted even then to re-

veal the fact that he still existed.

Further than this, Howe had contri-

buted to make the acquaintance of one Mr.

Salt, a corn chandler who lived in Broad-

street, in a house opposite to that oc-

cupied by Mrs. Howe. At length he

came to be on such friendly terms with

Salt, that he usually dined with him in

Broad street once or twice a week.

From the windows of the room in which

they dined, it was not difficult to look

into Mrs. Howe's parlor, where she gen-

erally sat and received her friends. Salt,

who all the time believed that his guest

was a bachelor, frequently recommended

him to pay his addresses to his own wife,

describing Mrs. Howe as a well-to-do

widow, and in every respect a suitable

match for him. For seven years before

Howe disclosed himself he was in the habit

of attending services every Sunday at

St. James's Church, and from his seat in

the gallery he obtained a view of his

wife, though he could not see easily

by her.

The real cause of his most extraordi-

nary conduct Howe would never confess,

even to his most intimate friends. Dr.

Rose was of the opinion that Howe

would never have returned to his wife at

all, if he had not been, as it were, star-

ved into surrender by the exhaustion of

his means. It was supposed that he

took with him, on his leaving Mrs. How-

e, a sum of about two thousand pounds;

and that living in a very frugal man-

ner, he managed to subsist upon this dur-

ing the whole period of his absence, his

store decreasing every day as it became

necessary to supply his recurring wants.

Earning nothing, as his purse shrank, he

was compelled to choose between starva-

tion and return to his wife. He chose the

latter alternative, after a struggle, per-

haps, and some submission to the ap-

proach of privation. Yet at any time

of his seventeen years' seclusion, it

had been open to him to quit his ob-

scure lodging, and to return to his wife

and her friends, and to live in the open

daylight of the world, and to be known

as the man who had been absent for

seventeen years.

But he did not do so. He remained in